This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

WIDENER LIBRARY
HX TA2R W
3 2044 009 620 279

Helen Kuthven Waterston.

US 13643.16.5

US
13643
16.5

Harvard College Library

FROM

Harry L. Bailey

Weston, Mass.

Revd E. H. Sears

with the affectionate regards

of his friend R. C. W.

Boston.

Dec 18th 1860.

Helen Ruthven Waterston.

"THE FLOWER OF OUR EARTHLY HAPPINESS HAS BECOME THE OBJECT OF OUR HEAVENLY HOPE."

Printed, not Published.

BOSTON:

1860.

US 13643.16.5
✓
HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

"The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open; and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melody."

COLERIDGE.

"O dear, sweet, desirable child! How shall we part with all this goodness and virtue, without bitterness of sorrow and reluctancy?

"God grant us grace to bless him for the graces he implanted in thee, — thy virtuous life, thy holy death; which, indeed, is the comfort of our souls."

JOHN EVELYN, 1685.

"Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name;
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye, —
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?"

BRYANT.

HELEN RUTHVEN WATERSTON.

Grant, O Lord! that, in all our sorrows here upon earth, we may steadfastly look up to heaben, and by faith behold the glory that shall be rebealed.

At Naples, in Italy, departed this Life,

JULY 25, 1858,

AGED SEVENTEEN YEARS,

HELEN RUTHVEN, THE BELOVED AND ONLY DAUGHTER OF

ROBERT AND ANNA WATERSTON,

OF BOSTON, U.S.A.

" When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death called life; which us from Life doth sever."

MILTON.

Memorial

OF

HELEN RUTHVEN WATERSTON.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

(Published October, 1858.)

She was far from her native country, and far from the sight of nearly all of her many friends. They had been looking for her eagerly and hopefully; but they were not to see her. On her leaving America, she was a child of a sweet temper, — affectionate and obedient. During her absence, she bloomed into a womanhood of much beauty and many graces, and into a character of great worth and high promise. Alas for her parents, whose only surviving child she was! and alas for those many friends who had longed to behold her in the loveliness of that beauty of which they had only seen the bud, and for whom she died, — a lily in a distant land!

Helen was born in Boston on the 6th of January, 1841; and she was reared under the best influences of a New-England home. In April, 1856, she was taken by her parents to Europe. The whole of the following winter and spring was passed by her in Paris; where she cheerfully submitted herself to the discipline of a school, which, for its strictness, might almost have been called conventual, only that it was Protestant. She attended the class for religious instruction, held at the Church of the Oratory by the Rev. Athanasius Coquerel; and profited so much as to have attained, though a foreigner, the most honorable position among her associates. Last winter, she was in Rome; where she occupied herself with those pleasures which resemble studies, and with those studies which are so like pleasures, — visiting works of art, and learning the great lessons of antiquity which there are illustrated by the Pantheon and the Coliseum, by the Arches of Titus and Constantine, and by those ruins which bear the names of Nero, Caracalla, and Hadrian. She enjoyed and improved herself much during her stay in the Eternal City: and there she proved that there was in her character an excellence which is very rare; for she showed herself to be altogether unspoiled by the many atten-

tions and the great admiration which were offered her there. So did last winter pass with her, — a season of improvement and great happiness. In the middle of April, she accompanied her parents to Naples; and she reached that city apparently in perfect health. She enjoyed, in her quiet, earnest way, the wonderful neighborhood around her, — so beautiful in itself; so rich in the remains of the past; and of such singular interest, as being liable, on any day, to be blighted from Vesuvius. Just a week she had been at Naples, when suddenly her health failed. Soon she was confined to her chamber; and very soon, by her physician, her disease was pronounced to be mortal.

Oh the anguish of her parents, and the grief of many hearts on her account, both in Europe and America! But, herself, she was not troubled. During the whole time, — while her last days were passing, and while the weary nights of sickness were wearing away, — she was calm, patient, and resigned; full of faith and immortal hope. Simple and unaffected in her manners, of a sweet temper and disinterested conduct, pure in heart, well educated as to her mind, and altogether uninjured by the admiration of which she had become the object, — evidently she was possessed of a character

of great goodness. But it was only as her earthly life was ending that she was known, even to her nearest friends, in all her worth. In the great, dark trial which had wrapped them all round, she was tenderly and unceasingly thoughtful for her parents; and she sustained the spirits of her father and mother, being herself sustained from within.

The last Sunday before her health had begun to decline, — being then at Naples, — she joined with some friends, who celebrated together the Lord's Supper. This was her first communion. Three days after this, began her last illness, — the last illness of this young believer. The words of Paul are an exact comment on it: "Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" Helen suffered much pain during her illness; and, for several weeks, it was expected that every day would be her last. She did, as it were, die daily; but never for a moment, or by one word, was she otherwise than patient in her sufferings, and entirely submissive to the will of God.

At last came a day, which was the one before her departure. On this day, she heard, or seemed to hear, sweet music; and she asked, "Do you not hear the

music?" And who knows but she did hear it? Indeed, is it a thing unreasonable to suppose, that possibly a spirit may have some perception of the next world, just at that very time when it is departing from this? And why should it be a thing incredible, that a soul should grow more sensitive as the flesh is passing away, and should even hear the music of that world which always is around us, and which, perhaps, we all of us might sometimes know of, only that we live so much in our human clay, and so little in the pure and everlasting spirit?

Helen breathed her last at half-past eight o'clock, on the morning of Sunday, July 25. She looked upwards; and then, as though she saw into heaven, she exclaimed, — "How beautiful, how beautiful!" These were her last words: "How beautiful, how beautiful!" And so her spirit passed away, — onward and upward.

This frail nature of ours, — so mortal, — woe, woe for it, only that it is immortal too. A death like that which is here recorded is a renewal of our faith; and, with knowing of a soul over which death has no dominion, our own souls quicken within us, and are made to feel themselves, their unearthly affinities and their

immortal instincts. Remarkably was Helen both the victim and the conqueror of death.

But yet, — but yet, — so young, so fair, so good, so much beloved, so full of promise, and so suddenly summoned! All cheerful and happy as it was, still there was in this death a something peculiarly sad for those who were bereaved by it. A life so fair in its beginning, so hopeful in its future, and closed so suddenly! Still, when we think of the storms which often sweep this world after the brightest, clearest morning, can we be otherwise than thankful, when, safe from every peril, a soul has gained its entrance into our Father's house? And some of us — when we remember what, in our younger days, we had hoped to be, and what yet we have failed to show ourselves — cannot but feel, that, even in the earliness of the great summons, there may be a high privilege, as well as some mystery of the Divine Goodness.

She was born while it was winter, in New England; and she died in the midst of summer, in the land of the olive, the orange, and the vine. And now, alive again, she sees the tree of life, with its various fruits; and she walks in light, among the nations of the saved, in that city which has no need of sun or moon.

And, now, let us trust that her surviving friends will be comforted in their bereavement, because they sorrow not as without hope. These lines have been inscribed on a stone in the Protestant cemetery at Naples. Let us join with the parents in their prayer: —

"Fold her, O Father! in thine arms;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee."

ITALY, BAGNI DI LUCCA,
August, 1858.

Extract from William C. Bryant,

PUBLISHED IN HIS VOLUME ENTITLED "LETTERS FROM SPAIN."

. . . . . .

Some of the pleasantest as well as the saddest recollections of my present visit to Europe relate to this charming young person. It was at Heidelberg, a little more than a year ago, that I met Mr. Waterston, with his wife and daughter, — an only child. I confess, I felt a degree of pride in so magnificent a specimen of my countrywomen as this young lady presented, — uncommonly beautiful in person, with a dignity of presence and manner much beyond her years, and a sweetness no less remarkable than the dignity. Wherever she went, it was easy to see that she was followed by looks of admiration. A further acquaintance with her showed that her intellectual and moral qualities were equal to her personal graces. Her mind was surprisingly mature for her time of life. She was kind, true,

sympathetic, religious, and overflowing with filial affection, — the most dutiful as well as the most beloved of daughters.

After we left Heidelberg, we saw no more of her, until her parents, in April last, — after a winter's residence in Rome, — brought her to Naples, apparently in full health, where we then were, and took lodgings in the Hotel Victoria, overlooking the beautiful bay. Just one week after their arrival, she was taken ill. She grew weaker and weaker; bearing her sufferings with a patience so meek and saintly, that even the physicians, familiar as they were with the sick-room and the death-bed, were melted into tears. At length, a little before the end, her mind began to wander, but in such a manner that it seemed as if she was admitted to a glimpse of the brighter world to which she was going: and she passed away in what might almost be taken for a beatific vision, — a happy life, closed by a happy death; leaving her parents broken-hearted, but for the strong religious trust which supported them.

"And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but the Lord was not in the wind: and, after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and, after the earthquake, a fire; and, after the fire, a still small voice."—1 KINGS xix.

Extract.

More than two years had passed, and they had reached the last point of their intended tour.

. . . . . .

The parents stood with their treasure in the very Eden of the present world; and here, under softened skies and among natural images, which might seem to repeat the features of Paradise, they found themselves face to face with an appalling display of the destructive energies always hidden in the mountain which overshadows the Bay of Naples.

Under skies lit at night by the flaming volcano, with a trembling earth beneath their feet, they were called to watch for the hour that was to divide the tenderest and purest of earthly relations. Week after week, as their daughter's illness increased, her submission grew more touching. In the very flush of health and

strength, calmly she relinquished all that is attractive in life; and with tranquil faith, and the sweetest temper of mind, she met the summons to depart. Nothing but the love of her parents and friends seemed to check her earnest acquiescence in the call of her heavenly Father. When the last hour — so often threatened, so often brightening into delusive hope — arrived, she was rapt in visions of distant friends, who seemed added to those present: and, soothed by music which mortal ears could not partake, she gently passed from her beautiful earthly form; leaving, in the desolate hearts of her parents, the only blessing which can be attached to such moments, — the example of her resignation, the remembrance of her virtues, and the deathless hope which looks forward to an eternal re-union.

M. J. Q.

Extract.

QUINCY, Sept. 12, 1858.

Constantly my thoughts have been with you during these last sad months. Now that the long suspense is over, I am utterly powerless to put in words my ever-recurring consciousness of personal affliction. . . . I feel that peace is with you; that the deep serenity of the innocent life, lifted out of the turbulence of earth, is able to impart itself perhaps even more fully than before. . . . Among the shifting throng of my thoughts, this is the view which oftenest returns to me: It seems in accordance with what we best imagine of the Infinite, that when the trusting, loving, enduring powers of the soul have reached the extreme of human expansion; when the Searcher of hearts perceives the latent capability to meet triumphantly the sternest discipline of life, — that the actual conflict should be mercifully remitted, and the spirit, by laws of higher attraction, should rise at once to a nobler sphere of action.

. . . . . .

It is, perhaps, well for me to allude to a few verses which you will receive with this letter. They simply represent the individual feelings that came to me on the fair Sunday morning when we first awoke to a sense of your loss. I recalled with intense vividness the visit I made to dear Helen at the school in Paris, — every look, every word, that passed: then her appearance under the Arcade of the Rue de Rivoli, where we parted, for ever, as it proved, on earth: then the last scene of all gradually grew before me; as if there, too, I had been mysteriously present.

I was much affected when I afterwards found that the dear child, in her last moments, actually thought me near her.

. . . . . .

J. P. Q.

HELEN RUTHVEN WATERSTON.

From the gay, godless city, where are carved,
In cunning luxury, idolatries
Baser than bull or ibis; where the world
Shakes all its bawbles, and, in festive reel,
Banters away the gray old centuries,—
From that sad, godless city forth I passed,
And, with a father, visited the school
That through the winter kept him from his child.

And here the jesting weariness of things
Fell seared and dry within me, as I heard
The holy homage of a fresh young love
Fall upon one who proudly cherished her;
For, though the chief affection rushed to him,
Yet, present with a life in love so rich,
Enough was gleaned to warm me unto prayer.
A few weeks passed: the simple dress of school
Had gayly blown to ribbon, lace, and silk;
And, in the cheerful bustle of the street,
We flung from eye and hand a year's farewell.
Yet seemed it sad, this sweetest womanhood

Must deck itself in Fashion's scarlet plume,
And harden down to coarse realities;
From whence, with broken charm, to strive again
To mould the innocent face, where then it lay
Pure as a planet sleeps within the lake.
For, in mistrusting thought, I saw her swept
Along the shallow whirl that Folly leads
The maiden of her caste; while every hand
Sought to uplift her to the highest wave
Crested in froth of elegant delights.
Alas for angels' strength to bear her up,
Lest those frail steps dash rudely on the stones!
I gazed and doubted: Christ, beholding, loved.

The ocean chilled between us: the great Past,
Blurred by the busy Present, shrunk away;
And the dear face, lost in the Paris street,
Grew faint, and flickered on the memory.
But all experience lives, all thoughts we touch,
March, ever cloaked and silent, after us;
And at the magic of a voice or pen,
Advancing, meet Earth's traveller face to face.
And now, across the troubled ocean-leagues,
The softened features of the school and street
Returned to haunt me; and those gentle traits,
Shading to stillness, beamed mysterious light,
As all her ebbing soul at times arose,
And, sweet affection lending fitful strength,

Brimmed through its customed channels to the world.
For, at such moments, all the power of faith,
Of love and prayer, and generous thought of friends, —
Enough to spread through acts of a long life, —
Lay heaped in bright profusion on her face;
As if the sparkling wealth of summer suns,
Hoarded to bless the seasons as they prayed,
Should fall in fullest lustre, and create
From one rich day a year's vitality.

Those waited near who sought to pour on her
Their fuller earthly life: but, while they watched,
The haze of sense, that modestly repulsed
The deep attraction of the Pure without,
Swept like an anthem from her; and new birth
Flowed from her presence, in such earnest force
As broke through all the tenderness that love
Gathered about her. Thus she went to Christ. —
Loosed from her bonds, to her the Master stands
Freed from the shackles of a thousand creeds;
And the mysterious sympathies that flash
From mind to mind — those deeper messages
Than can find utterance from the fluent lip —
Cleave through the void between us, to bear down
Her grace of patience and the peace of God.

J. P. QUINCY.

Aug. 22, 1858.

"O thou kind Heaven! keep, keep what thou hast taken;
And, with our treasure, keep our hearts on high;
The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken;
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy.
Guide us where these are with our dear child flown:
They were of thee; and thou hast claimed thine own."

Extracts from Private Letters.

" How gentle and how good a child
She was, we know full well;
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell."

Brief Extracts

FROM

LETTERS BY HELEN'S GRANDPARENTS.

AUGUST 24, 1858.

. . . . . .

I need not say how deeply I have sympathized in all your sufferings. . . . Resignation to the Divine Will is as wise as it is supporting; for, after all the strength which philosophy pretends to give, in these severe trials of the heart, confidence in the wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father is the only substantial resource for consolation. The life of your daughter, though short, has been, beyond the common lot, both happy and instructive. Considering the events of this life, and our conduct in relation to them, as an intended preparation for the privileges and enjoyments of heaven, she has been highly blessed, both by their number and

variety, and by the evidence she gave, during life, of her appreciation and improvement of them.

> "She was a pearl, too pure on earth to dwell,
> And waste its splendor in this mortal shell."

Man's life, be it short or long, is but as a dream.

> "Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
> The infant's day, the patriarch's age."

That her fate was not caused or hastened by any indiscretion or external accident, but was undoubtedly the effect of the original conformation of her system; that her destiny was thus fixed by the hand of the Creator, — is a just source of acquiescence, as it is an evidence of a long-considered purpose in the Divine Mind, and a settled determination of his will.

At my period of life, I feel daily my approximation to that "bourn" from whence there is no return. Of course, while yet permitted to remain in this fast-vanishing state, the desire daily grows stronger on me, as an old man, to collect about me those in whom my affections are concentrated, and in the consciousness of whose presence the chief sources of my happiness consist. This sad trial has naturally increased my desire

to see you, and to have the chain of our family circle again united, notwithstanding one of its most cherished links has been thus mysteriously broken.

J. Q.

AUGUST 24, 1858.

Your letters were received from Naples of date July 31, and were read with many tears. . . .

In God's dispensations towards us, however afflictive for the time, all is ordered in love. Even under the severest affliction, let us recognize his loving hand. Greatly as we mourn, and cannot help mourning, at this trying dispensation, yet, in connection with it, we have much consolation. Our dear Helen is *safe*, — safe from all the trials and temptations to which she might have been subjected. We can see but a short distance, and even that imperfectly. The end from the beginning is known only to the Supreme Ruler. What we cannot understand now, faith in Him gives us perfect assurance that we shall hereafter perceive to have been ordered in infinite goodness.

Let us render thanks unto God, that we have been permitted for so long a time to witness her growing

virtues and her many beautiful traits of character. Lovely she was through her life, and never more remarkably so than during her illness and in her departure. Now, from the regions of perpetual happiness, she calls upon us, saying, "Come up hither." What are all the attractions of this world, compared to heavenly bliss? Those who are dear to each other will meet to part no more for ever. It is a delightful thought. May it animate us in our Christian course; that, when the hour of our departure comes, we may, like our beloved Helen, exclaim, as our spirit takes its flight, "Beautiful! oh, how beautiful!" and thus enter into the joy of our Lord.

R. W.

SEPT. 21, 1858.

. . . . . .

I cannot bear that the least expression of my grief should for a moment add to yours; yet neither can I refrain from saying, How truly I loved our dear Helen! and how greatly we rejoiced in the thought of having her again with us! She was, indeed, our hearts' treasure; but her heavenly Father, who knoweth best, has seen fit to transplant her to a more congenial clime.

The only solace now is, that, in a little while, we shall go to her, and meet a ready welcome.

Her sweet and lovely countenance, the index of her pure mind, will never be effaced from our memory. She is free from all sorrow and suffering. We will endeavor to imitate her many virtues. The beauty of her character — her patience, her submission, and her last sayings on earth — we shall never forget.

H. W.

"The light of her pure life went down
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star, —
Clear, beautiful, and still."

Extracts from Private Letters.

ENGLAND, STRATFORD ON AVON,
Aug. 11, 1858.

. . . . . .

We share largely in the grief which this calamity has brought upon you; yet, knowing your daughter as we did, we share also in the consolation, so dear to you both, that she was prepared in an eminent degree for the great Transfiguration which awaits the good in another life. For the wound inflicted on your spirits by so great a calamity, there can be no balm like this. Perhaps the early unfolding of her mental powers, and the early ripeness of her moral and religious nature, were presages that she was soon to be called to a better world; and indications that the discipline of life had, for her, accomplished its end, and was no more needed.

W. C. BRYANT.

"Her tears are past; her crown is won;
The immortal wreath is now her own:
We hear by faith the chant begun
Of joy around the eternal throne."

From Helen's Devoted Friend, and Teacher in the Sunday School,

THROUGH MANY YEARS.

My remembrances of Helen are chiefly of her childhood. For six years, she was under my care at the Sunday school: and, during that time, I had ample opportunity to know her well; and to know her was to love her. From her earliest childhood, she was deeply interested in spiritual things. I remember, when her dear little brother was called away, how full of beauty were her thoughts of a future life. I can see her deep, thoughtful eye, and serious, earnest look, as she conversed respecting it; and the feeling and pathos with which she repeated the beautiful hymns she had committed to memory.

She listened so attentively, and replied to my questions with such correctness and intelligence, that it was

a pleasure both to see and to hear her. She loved the Sunday school; and it did my heart good to look upon her bright, happy face, always beaming with kindness and love.

At our sewing-circle for the benefit of the poor, she was ever warmly interested. I can now recall the delight with which she held up a garment she had just finished, exclaiming, "Will not some little girl be glad to have such a nice dress?" She was full of affection; ever thoughtful of the feelings and claims of others; always ready and anxious to do what she could to make those around her happy.

She was remarkable for her simplicity and singleness of heart. Though the central object of interest to so many minds; though admired and caressed, by her many friends, from earliest childhood, — she yet retained, through all, that beautiful simplicity and unconsciousness which is so rare and attractive. During a severe illness, I was informed, by those who attended her, how free she was from selfishness; how fearful of wearying others; how grateful for every attention. As flowers and other tokens of affection were brought to her with messages of interest, she constantly remarked, "How very kind, how good, every one is to me!"

She was very fond of little children, and also enjoyed the society of those in mature life; adapting herself, in the most simple and natural manner, to all around her. I have heard from others of her remarkable development in beauty of person, mind, and soul, during her residence abroad; that the bud of early promise expanded into a rich and most lovely flower.

It seems appropriate, that, when heart and soul were thus early ripened and matured for the spiritual world, she should be freed from the cares and sufferings of life, and be permitted to enter at once the home prepared by her heavenly Father. Looked upon rightly, her lot was, in many respects, peculiarly happy. Her life had been almost unclouded by sorrow; and, without tasting any bitter trials, she has gone to rejoice for ever in the presence of her God and Saviour, and the spirits of the just made perfect. In the words of the favorite hymn which I remember she loved to repeat, —

"She has gone to heaven before us;
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us
In that happy spirit-land.

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod!
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God!

Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free;
May they guard and guide and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee!"

E. A. J.

Extract.

BURLINGTON, VT., 1860.

. . . . . .

Helen was between eight and nine years of age when placed under my care. Her fine, intelligent face; her appearance of perfect health, and confiding, childlike manners, — made a most favorable impression on me when I first saw her. As I became acquainted with her, I perceived many characteristics not commonly marked at her age. She possessed an unusual degree of reverence. Voice and eye manifested her recognition of any sacred thought or noble sentiment; and the poetry she selected, and loved to recite, was remarkable for a child of her age, and always recited in such a manner as made it evident that she understood and sympathized with the sentiments expressed.

Moore's lines, "The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;" Wordsworth's "Skylark;" and the verses by George Herbert, beginning, "Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright!" — were among her favorite poems. The last poem she repeated to me was Wordsworth's

"Lucy;" and under it, in my copy of "Poetry for Home and School," there is written, in her own dear hand, "H. R. W., July 2, 1852." She was a very conscientious child in the performance of all her duties; very industrious, docile, and affectionate. I do not think, at that time, her facility of acquisition was beyond the average of her class; but any one who came in contact with her in the relation of teacher must have perceived harmonies and proportions in her intellectual as well as moral nature, and a delicacy and refinement of taste and feeling, which were very uncommon, and which make the after-development in both, which I was not permitted to see, no matter of surprise to me. She was a very pleasant child in all her school relations; ever cheerful and happy; entirely free from that waywardness, irritability, and variability which it is so difficult for a teacher to deal with nicely and effectually.

. . . . . .

The void in your heart and home must be deep indeed. Yet what precious consolations are yours! Grief must often be swallowed up in thanksgiving, and the spirit of heaviness put on the garment of praise.

M. R. W.

From the kind Friend,

WHO, WHEN THOSE OF HER OWN FAMILY WERE OBLIGED TO LEAVE NAPLES, REMAINED TO SHARE THE CARES, SORROWS, AND BLESSINGS OF THE LAST WEEKS OF HELEN'S EARTHLY LIFE.

BERLIN, Oct. 7, 1858.

. . . This life can never bring to me any thing more beautiful than those precious weeks passed by Helen's bedside. Away from her, we felt all the bitterness of grief; but, in her sacred presence, we only knew that an angel yet a while lingered with us, to bless our hearts ere she winged her radiant way to a fairer shore. The more I think of it, the more celestial seems that darling child, and the more grateful I feel to the heavenly Father who brought me within her influence.

S. H.

" One by one, we miss the voices which we loved so well to hear;
One by one, the kindly faces in the shadow disappear.

. . . . . .

One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, passed that barrier, and came back
With a glory on his footsteps, lighting yet the dreary track.
Boldly enter where he entered. All that seems but darkness here,
When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear."

W. C. BRYANT.

From the Beloved Physician

WHOSE CARE AND KINDNESS HAD FOLLOWED HELEN FROM CHILDHOOD, AND WHOSE NAME WAS OFTEN UPON HER LIPS DURING HER ILLNESS IN NAPLES. SINCE THEN, HE ALSO HAS GONE; DEPARTING THIS LIFE, NOV. 19, 1859.

. . . . . .

I have heard with admiration of Helen's patience and Christian resignation. She was, indeed, ready for another stage of progress. She has gone, bright and beautiful, to the land of spirits. Truly of her may we say, —

> "'Tis ever thus with creatures heavenly fair;
> Too finely framed to bide the brunt more earthly natures bear.
> A little while they dwell with us, — blest ministers of love, —
> Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above."

Your daughter was prepared for a heavenly home; and now, instead of being an earthly companion, she has become your angelic friend. M. S. P.

" Where hast thou been, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What vision fair? what glorious life?
Where hast thou been?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will."

H. B. S.

ANDOVER, 1858.

Extracts from Private Letters.

ANDOVER, 1858.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I only urge, as my apology for speaking to you now, that I am writing on the anniversary of the day in which my beautiful and good boy was brought lifeless over the threshold where he had never brought any thing but gladness. By this remembrance, I feel that I have a right to stretch a hand of fellowship to you, over whom such a cloud of darkness is hanging.

We were startled by the report of Helen's illness, and mourn over the sudden blight of what seemed too lovely to die. But I think we deceive ourselves with the sound of that fatal word. Were we to visit the green-house from whence a nobleman selected the chief ornament for his mansion, we should not say, when we noticed a plant of rare beauty and development, "This seems made to remain here, it is so lovely." Rather should we say, "This is so lovely, it must soon be called

for." Is there not a mournful charm in the feeling, that we have reared a perfect flower for God's garden? We cannot bear to lose it; and yet we know that it is better *there* than *here*. "There is no death: what seems so is transition." Appropriate to the view which Christianity opens to us, the apostle says, "He hath *abolished* death, bringing life and immortality to light."

So fair Helen seemed at our last interview in Paris, — so good, so happy, and so happiness-giving, — I cannot believe that all this is finally withdrawn from earth.

. . . . . .

May our heavenly Father mercifully grant to you strength according to your day! Upon Him let us wait in childlike faith.

H. B. STOWE.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 20, 1858.

. . . . . .

Life has many sorrows. They are to me the natural signals of its onward passage. But there are those, which, while they mark, arrest its progress. They smite its course like a hurricane; and, lo! the sail is beaten, and the faithful vessel sinks. I have long watched the progress of your happy bark, and rejoiced to see it passing over the sunny sea. How lightly it was wafted on! It was guided by experience; it carried with it youth, beauty, and affection; it breathed infinite music through the air. But, when I saw the cloud settling over it, I knew it was doomed. Where are the white sails now? where, that airy motion?

I have no words to express what I feel. Great sorrows must be left to God. I can only pray for you, — pray that the hand which has chastened may soothe you; that it may offer peace as it has brought desolation.

. . . . . .

Your apartments, while in Brussels, are very near to me. There, as it were but yesterday, I went to see you. I distinctly remember that charming youthful face, which threw light across the pathway of life. How utterly we lose ourselves when we try to comprehend the ways of God! I cannot understand; nay, I am disposed to murmur. But let us wait. Very recently, I was conversing with a lady who has been afflicted far beyond the lot of most persons; and I said to her, "The day may come when you will see that all this has been for the best." — "Doubtless," she replied, — "doubtless; but in another world." Since then, she has gone to that other world. Let us wait. The strange mystery will be clear when all shall be light and justice everywhere.

J. G. C.

STRATFORD ON AVON, July, 1858.

. . . . . .

We can comprehend, in a measure, the extent of your terrible affliction at parting with such a treasure; for we knew, and wondered not at, your joy and pride in the possession. . . . From what we saw of her, we can well imagine the rest; and the consolation we offer is tears of sympathy: for at present it is hard to see the light shining through the darkness; but soon it will come. Even now, what a rare privilege it is to have such a sorrow, such a remembrance, and such a hope! You must look back, not with regret, at the years brightened by her presence, and keep her sweet image with you for ever.

When you arrive in England, come directly to us. We will talk, or we will be silent. Come, and see the friends who will always love to think upon you and your dear child.

. . . . . .

C. F.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, RED-LODGE SCHOOL, Aug. 3.

Your beloved child's departure was such as to call forth deep gratitude, and to enshrine her for ever in our remembrance.

I am most happy that Helen had so much pleasure in her visit to England, and with us at Bristol.

Nature's grief must be deep; so also may it be holy and reverent. To me, sorrow is a more natural element than joy; at least, than the world's joy. The sorrow sent by the Father brings a peace which the world knoweth not of.

M. C.

IRELAND, VALE OF AVOCA, Aug. 10.

We have often thought and spoken of your dear child. I shall never forget her. I know not what to say, every thing sounds so cold; but I am sure you will understand that I do not feel so. Most gladly would I do or say any thing to comfort you. I hope you have been able to feel that it is a Father's hand which has stricken you. Oh, what a difference does

the knowledge of *that* make, even when first the blow comes! She is safe for ever with her Saviour; for we know that she was his child. The last year has brought much suffering. I do not desire a long life here, if only I am getting ready for that life to come, on which so many dear ones have already entered.

L. C.

THE ALHAMBRA, SPAIN, 5th September, 1858.

The sad news which has just reached us has called forth our keenest sympathies. The long-dreaded blow has at length fallen: all that is left is memory and hope, and that blessed certainty, which the Christian heart rejoices in, that your dear child is for ever happy. Whatever can console under such an affliction is granted to you. In the peaceful ending, and in her consolatory, beautiful last words, your dear lost one, in death as in life, has cheered your fond hearts. Blessed, indeed, are those who, in the midst of such deep affliction, have such consoling memories.

J. W. F.

RUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, PARIS,
Aug. 2, 1858.

. . . . . .

Sharing, as we do, profoundly your grief, I trust we shall not do wrong in expressing our heartfelt sympathy, in this hour of trial, at the loss of your most lovely daughter. The sad announcement has just met our eye, and caused us the deepest anguish. To know your daughter was to love her; and, during our residence together at Paris, we had many opportunities of observing the beauty of her character. On hearing that she was ill at Naples, we felt much anxiety; but trusted, by the blessing of Providence, she would soon be restored to perfect health. It was, therefore, a great shock to us, when we read the affecting paragraph recording her departure. She was indeed one of the purest spirits ever summoned to an early participation of the joys of heaven. Believe me, we shall always cherish with fondest affection the memory of your dear and never-to-be-forgotten daughter. God grant the comfort of his Holy Spirit in this sad trial, and, in his own good time, send consolation to your afflicted hearts! H. E.

. . . . . .

Our knowledge of what Helen was to her friends brought a realization of what she must have been as a daughter. No words can express all we have felt. She was one whom old and young could alike love; shedding around her such an angelic influence, that none could see her often without feeling it. She will ever be associated with our travels; and we shall never recall her without rejoicing that we knew and loved so pure and lovely a spirit, — a spirit early called to regions where it had always seemed to dwell.

C. L. S.

. . . . . .

I shall ever remember the scenes we enjoyed together in and about Rome. Well do I recall Helen's quiet cheerfulness. Words, by her even casually spoken, were enough to show the faith which was the fountain of all that was good and beautiful in her character. A spirit has been given back to its Saviour, worthy to be received among his angels. Full of instruction will be her memory to those young companions who are left to fight the battle of life which she has so early won.

W. A.

ROME, 1860.

. . . . . .

Ah me! how these picturesque streets, with their black shadows and golden lights, recall to me that blooming creature, who, whatever side of the street she walked, took the sunshine with her! — the Helen of so many memories, and all so pure and beautiful; lifting us out of our worldliness, and petty cares and interests, into that atmosphere of ideal grace and sweetness in which she seemed to move. E. H. A.

ROME, 1860.

Often does the remembrance of your dear Helen come before me, bringing always a deep feeling of thankfulness that we were allowed the inestimable privilege of knowing and loving her in Rome. Such an influence as hers is invaluable here, where so many temptations to blindness and forgetfulness of one's duty are joined to such wondrous opportunities of mental inprovement. That gentle, loving, yet firm nature; that beautiful face; that highest principled character and perfect disposition,—were never lent to us in vain: and the fault is our own, if their memory does not serve as a guardian angel, helping to keep us ever in the right path. E. T. H.

SEPT. 13, 1858.

. . . . . .

You know best what I have lost in her; what a kind and constant companion she was to me; and how she shared the pleasures and anxieties I experienced during our happy journeyings together. She was like a devoted sister.

Her sunny disposition, her devoted kindness, her mere presence, made all love her, and look forward to meeting her with pleasure. In your home, — which I shared for a time, — the whole sweetness, purity, and nobility of her character shed its happiest influence; and I loved and admired her the more that it was so.

I. A.

CAMBRIDGE.

Extract from a Letter

WRITTEN BY HELEN TO A YOUNG FRIEND, AND FOUND UNFINISHED IN HER PORTFOLIO.

NAPLES, ITALY, Sunday, April 25, 1858.

. . . . . .

I longed to tell you how deeply I sympathized with you all in the trial of last summer. Nothing in the world can be more touching than the death of children. My mother felt all that your sister and yourself must have suffered; for you remember how our little Robert was taken away when he was just such an angel-blossom. But why should we regret it? They have both been saved from all earthly harm and temptation; and their pure spirits have risen to that Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

I should have replied to your letter earlier; but our last days in Rome were over-occupied: and now I sit

by my open window on this lovely Sunday morning, and look out upon one of the loveliest scenes in the world, with the blue Mediterranean rippling up in this beautiful bay.

Our visit to Italy is fast coming to an end, and we are ——

The pen was here laid down, — never to be resumed. Helen was then in apparent health. This fragment, written only two days before her illness, was not seen till it came as a legacy, — a direct word of consolation from herself, when consolation was most needed.

"To some the thought of death is terrible:
. . . To her it was not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shone through its transparent walls."

"There is a Land where Beauty cannot fade."

"There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where love shall never droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land? — oh! where?
For we would hasten there.
Tell us: we fain would go;
For we are wearied with a heavy woe.
The beautiful have left us all alone;
The true, the tender, from our path have gone!
Oh, guide us with thy hand
To that blest land!"

"Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow and pain and strife.
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;

Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for us the appointed woe;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted nor cared for him;
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet:
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, 'Thy will be done!'
Do not despair:
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer."

Life Eternal.

"Complain not that the way is long:
What road is weary that leads there?
But let the angel take thy hand,
And lead thee up the misty stair;
And then, with beating heart, await
The opening of the Golden Gate."

Do we not err in disconnecting this life from the next? — in limiting so constantly our view to the narrow horizon of time? What is that which men call death but a point between two lives? Nay, what is it but a circumstance in an unbroken life, — the mortal putting on immortality? When those whom we love depart, we weep over the dust, while that for which we weep rejoices in Heaven. Until we have learned to associate Heaven with our daily life, making it a bright reality, a cheerful and a familiar thought, the departure both of the old and the young must seem shrouded in gloom. When we have confidence in the all-wise God, and a perfect trust in that Saviour whom

he has sent; when we have acquired a firm and fixed belief in the rich fulness of those promises, connected both with this life and the life to come, — then the terror of death will pass away, and the glory of the celestial world will appear. Thus indeed shall death be swallowed up in victory. Called to depart from this mansion of our Father's house, if we are but duly prepared, —

> "We bow our heads
> At going out, and enter straight
> Another golden chamber of the King's,
> Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

The sorrow which we feel when those whom we love are permitted the privilege to enter there (only a little before us, it may be) will no longer be selfish, but softened and hallowed; a sorrow not of darkness or despair, but of resignation and love and faith.

R. C. W.

Life in Death.

"Unto her is Paradise opened." — Esdras.

"She hath received a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand." — Wisdom of Solomon.

The veil has dropped. Her spirit now,
Intense with life, hath soared above;
And dwelleth where the seraphs bow,
And sing their holy hymns of love.
The seed hath sprung into a tree,
The flower hath burst its bud, the immortal soul is free.

Oh! death is full of life. Nought dies
But that which should. Earth takes its own,
That the ethereal may arise,
And dwell by the eternal throne.
Death is the full outshining light
Of that unending morn which knows no night.

Gaze on that form. Nay, lift thine eye,
And gaze above. She is not here:
She hath arisen to worlds on high,
And dwelleth in a purer sphere.
This frame of dust she hath laid down,
To gain a robe of light, and a celestial crown.

The veil has dropped. Her inward eye
Has seen the mysteries of God;
And onward, through the star-paved sky,
'Mid heaven's bright glory, she has trod.
Angels around their joyous notes prolong,
While her sweet voice unites in their triumphant song.

R. C. W.

God only knows how he apportions to each one that which is best, and why he sets such unequal limits to our life. It is utterly inscrutable to men why it is that some are removed hence so soon, and others left to toil and suffer on for a long while in this troublous life. We must therefore adore, in all things, the kindness and love of God towards man, and not think hardly of his allotments. We have but given the child back to Him who lent her. Her life has not been extinguished: it is only transfigured into a better. The earth has not hid our beloved one: Heaven has received her. Let us wait a little, and we shall be with her whom we mourn, and long for. The time of separation will not be long, since we are all on the way. If she has finished the journey sooner, yet we are all accomplishing it. May we also, by purity and simplicity of heart, be prepared for that rest which is the portion of children in Christ! — St. Basil *of Cæsarea*, A.D. 370.

O Blessed Child!

O blessed child! shall we repine that Death
Over thy young and lovely frame had power?
In yon bright land, love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The Beautiful are round thee. Thou dost keep
Within the Eternal Presence, and no more
Mayst death or pain or separation dread:
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore;
For ye are of the living, not the dead.

Thou dweller with the Unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown; thou to whom Death and Heaven
Are mysteries no more; whose soul is stored
With knowledge for which man hath vainly striven,—
Beloved child! oh, when shall we lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade?
When from immortal rivers quench our thirst?
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet, for a little while, we walk in shade:
Anon, by death, the cloud is all dispersed;
Then o'er the hills of heaven Eternal Day shall burst!

"The harvest must be whenever the Son of man shall send forth his reapers to gather us in. The little child, that, without one questioning thought or fear, resigns itself into their hands, though but an opening bud, is gathered into the harvest of the Lord. The young girl, who, through some mysterious sympathy with them, or some strange monition to the soul, seems to hear the sound of their coming from afar, and, without apprehension or surprise, composes herself for the solemn change, and in perfect trust leaves all she loved on earth, goes already ripe for the harvest."

MORISON: *Notes on the Gospels.*

She was even yet in Childhood.

The following lines, written and published many years since, appear now to have had within them somewhat of a mysterious foreshadowing.

She was even yet in childhood; but she seemed
Wasting in strength, like a half-opened bud
Bowing upon its stem. She lay at rest,
Her young heart leaning with a perfect faith
Upon the word of God; and thus her eye
Shone with such inward light, and her pale lips
Moved with such smiles, that even those who wept
Felt in their inmost hearts a thrill of joy.

With what a marvellous vigor can the soul
Put forth its hidden strength, looking at Death
As at an Angel from the courts of God!
And with what beauty, at the closing hour,
Will Childhood's sweet affections blossom out!

There she lay, peaceful as if in slumber;
A thoughtful calmness resting on her brow,
And the long silken lashes of her eyes
Pressed meekly to each other; while her heart
Seemed musing upon things that were to come,
Or raised in silent worship. All was still:
There came no sound upon the summer air,
Except the bird's faint warble, or the voice
Of the low-murmuring stream. Her pulse had stopped,
And those who gathered round leaned slowly o'er
To see if yet she breathed: when suddenly
She started in her bed upright, spread out her arms,
And fixing upon space her kindling eyes,
As if she saw her glorious home in heaven,—
"How beautiful, how beautiful!" she cried;
And, sinking on her pillow, passed away.

R. C. W.

ITALY, BATHS OF LUCCA,
Aug. 9, 1858.

. . . . . .

Had I a loss like yours, I think not improbably that I should be more conscious of a holy triumph than of bereavement. Alas! when I remember the weakness and sinfulness of our hearts; and when I think what so often men and women become by being exposed to the world; and when, too, I call to mind the calamities of existence, against which no goodness and no social position are a safeguard, — I feel that almost among the angels it may be reason for congratulation and great joy, when the heavens are ascended by a soul which has lived long enough on earth to learn its better lessons, but which has passed from it, upwards and onwards, without knowing any thing of sin, except the shadow it casts on the world.

WM. MOUNTFORD.

Per la Morte

DELLA

SIGNORINA ELENA WATERSTON.

ODE.

Ella é spenta, della terra
Ha deposto il fragil velo,
Era nata per il cielo,
Ed il ciel chiamolla a sé.

Del malor che lento lento
Le consunse il fior degli anni,
Dei di' scorsi negli affanni
Ha ottenuta la mercé.

Vieni, O Elena! a lei cantava
Lieto un coro di celesti;
Lascia il suol ch' é patria á mesti;
Vieni al regno del Signor.

Translation of the foregoing Ode,

WHICH WAS RECEIVED AT NAPLES ON THE MORNING OF JULY 26, 1858.

She has vanished!
Withdrawn is the fragile earthly veil.
Born for Heaven, Heaven has called her to itself.

By illness that slowly withered the flower of youth,
By days passed in pain, she has gained the reward.

"Come, O Helen!" sang to her the heavenly choir, rejoicing;
"Quit the soil that is the country of the sorrowful;
Come to the kingdom of the Lord!"

With us Still.

Thou art with us still
In thought and deed. Yes, thou art with us here,
To sanctify the will,
To soothe each grief, and calm each idle fear.

At the soft sunset-hour,
When evening splendors melt along the sky,
We feel thy hallowing power
To kindle faith, and raise the heart on high.

R. C. W.

O most glorious and ever-blessed God! in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore; who through thy beloved Son hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gates of everlasting life: Grant unto us a perfect acquiescence in thy divine will; and may that peace which passeth understanding be our support in this life, and our portion for ever!

3 2044 009 620 279